

HYMNS 27 1936

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN,

SELECTED FROM

"HYMNS FOR YOUTH."

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U.S.A.*

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HYMNS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

1 *God's Condescension praised.* C. M

ANGELS adore thee, and rejoice,
Such praise to thee belongs;
But wilt thou hear my feeble voice,
Amid their lofty songs?

2 My feeble powers can never rise
To praise thee as I ought:
For thou art great, and good, and wise
Beyond my highest thought.

3 In heaven, thy glories, Lord, resound,
And children join the song:
And O may I at last be found
Among that happy throng!

4 There we shall better praises bring,
And raise our voices higher;
Angels will teach us how to sing,
And we shall never tire.

2 *Adoring Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

MAY I love thee and adore thee,
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb;
Teach my heart to bow before thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame.

2 Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high:
(1)

Teach me, O thou great Creator,
How to live and how to die.

3

Invitation to praise

C. M.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youthful days;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

- 2 His Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.
- 3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for his grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom calls forth praise.
- 4 Glory to God, and praise and power,
Honour and thanks be given;
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

4

God's Goodness praised.

L. M.

PRAISED be the Lord, that love is shed,
In heavenly blessings on our head;
He calls the young to seek his face,
And bids them know his wondrous grace.

- 2 The hungry soul his goodness feeds,
His feeble flock he gently leads,
Deigns in his arms the young to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

5

Praise to Christ.

C. M.

COME, happy children, come and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing the cheerful song of praise,
And bless your Saviour Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his grace,
Who pardons all your sin,
And says that such as seek his face,
Shall life eternal win.

3 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And praise and glory give,
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

4 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page,
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.

5 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm,
Upholds and keeps you every hour,
And shields your soul from harm.

6 Sing of the wonders of his name,
And Jesus Christ adore;
Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
And praise him evermore.

6

Invitation to praise.

C. M.

COME, children, let us Jesus praise,
His holy name adore:

O let us love him all our days,
And praise him evermore.

2 'Twas Jesus who, the Lord of all,
For us became so poor;
'Twas Jesus raised us from the fall,—
O praise him evermore.

3 'Twas Jesus who did bleed and die
When all our sins he bore;
'Tis Jesus pleads for us on high,—
O praise him evermore.

4 'Tis Jesus, to prepare a place
For us, is gone before;
'Tis Jesus bids us seek his face,—
O praise him evermore.

7

Praise for Health.

S. M.

HOW gracious is my God,
Who gives me more than wealth;
And more than mortals could bestow
The precious gift of health.

1 That health I would devote
To spread his praise abroad,
And would my youthful hours employ
To love and serve my God.

3 How many children lie
On beds of grief and pain;
They hope and wait for health and ease,
But wait and hope in vain.

4 O may I ne'er forget
My God so good and kind,

But serve him with my every power
Of body and of mind.

8 *God's Goodness praised.* C. M.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And danger every hour;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give me power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

9 *Special Mercy praised.* C. M.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

- 3 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 4 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
- 5 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

10

Praise for Mercies.

L. M.

- GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
That I was born on Christian ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes, and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to escape eternal fire.
- 4 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast marked my way to heaven;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

11

Worthy the Lamb.

6, 4.

GLORY to God on high !
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name !"
 Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

- 2 Join all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless ;
 Praise ye his name.
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb !"
- 3 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name ;
 Still will we tribute bring ;
 Hail him our gracious King ;
 And, through all ages, sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

Praise for Privileges.

C. M.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
 Which on my birth have smiled,
 And made me in these Christian days,
 A highly favoured child.

- 2 I was not born, as thousands are,
 Where Jesus is unknown,

And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood or stone.

- 3 I was not born without a home,
Or in a broken shed;
A wretched outcast, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.
- 4 My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me;
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

13

Praise for Privileges

L. M.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as many do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.

- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious
things, [heaven!
Which Christ revealed and brought from
- 3 How glad the heathen would have been,
That worshipped idols, wood, and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!
- 4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

14

Praise to the Redeemer.

S M

A WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake every heart, and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,
 In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.

15

Grateful Recollection. 8s, & 7s.

COME, thou fount of every blessing
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—O! fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come:

And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

16 *Triumph in Christ.* C. M.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name:
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

17 *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus !

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

18 *Morn amid the Mountains.* 6s, & 5s.

MORN amid the mountains—
Lovely solitude !

Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur, "God is good !"

2 Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood ;
Deepest vales, awaking,
Echo, "God is good !"

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood ;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good !"

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued ;

He whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God, is good !

19 *Praise to Christ.* 8s, & 7s.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth ;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away !
'Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

20 *Youth the Season for Religion.* C. M.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul
The world can never buy;
And while eternal ages roll,
It will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the grave of hell.

3 The soul by numerous sins defiled
Can never enter heaven,
Till God and it be reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven:

4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness;
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renewed by sovereign grace.

5 Pardon and cleanse it, God of grace!
And let it holy be;
Arrayed in perfect holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

21 *Buy the Truth.* 7s, & 6s.

GO thou, in life's fair morning,
Go, in the bloom of youth.

And buy, for thy adorning,
 The precious pearl of truth.
 Secure this heavenly treasure
 And bind it on thy heart,
 And let not worldly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:
 Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
 'Tis worth all earthly things.
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, e'er the clouds of sorrow
 Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
 Defer not till to-morrow,
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go, seek thy great Creator,
 Learn early to be wise,
 Go, place upon his altar,
 A morning sacrifice!

22

Early will I seek thee.

C. M.

NOW that my journey's just begun,
 My road so little trod,
 I'll come before I further run,
 And give myself to God.

2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
 I never can foretell:

But if the Lord will be my Friend,
I know that all is well

3 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear?

4 If I am poor, he can supply,
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills the poor with bread.

5 If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

6 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

23

Importance of Early Religion.

L. M.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes.
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

24 *Remember now thy Creator.* C. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days ;
He will accept thine earliest vow ;
He loves thine earliest praise.

- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near ;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be ;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.
- 4 Almighty God ! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear ;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

25 *Youth the best Time to serve the Lord* C. M.

AMIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,
With ardent zeal pursue

The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view

2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are
And pleasures all refined ; [strewed,
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit the immortal mind.

3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord ;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.

4 He'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit increase ;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.

5 Give him the morning of your days,
And be for ever blest ;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

26

Early seek God.

C. M.

IF you will turn away from sin,
In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make you pure within,
And take your guilt away.

2 He'll show you all his matchless love,
He'll make you heirs of light,
And give you grace, that you may prove
Still faithful in his sight.

- 3 He'll lead you in the pleasant way
Of holiness and peace;
And guide you thus to endless day,
Where sin and sorrow cease.
- 4 O stay not in the road to death,
But to the Saviour come;
And, when you lose life's fleeting breath,
He'll send and take you home.

27 *Child coming to Jesus.* 8s, & 7s.

- SUFFER me to come to Jesus;
Mother dear, forbid me not;
By his blood from hell he frees us,
Makes us fair without a spot.
- 2 Suffer me, my earthly father,
At his pierced feet to fall;
Why forbid me? help me rather;
Jesus is my all in all.
- 3 Suffer me to run unto him;
Gentle sisters, come with me
Oh! that all I love but knew him,
Then my home a heaven would be.
- 4 Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross:
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.
- 5 Yes, tho' all the world have chid me
Father, mother, sister, friend
Jesus never will forbid me,
Jesus loves me to the end.

- 6 Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder,
Carry me, a sinful lamb;
Give me faith and make me bolder
'Till with thee in heaven I am.

28

Counsel to Youth.

L. M.

CHILDREN, in years and knowledge
young,

Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death,
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

29

Know the Lord.

S. M.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;

- Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
He'll listen to thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
Nor ever be forgiven.

30

Child's Offering.

P. M.

- WHAT can an infant do
For thee, dearest Lord?
All thy promises are true,
In thy blessed word.
I will bring my heart,
I will choose the better part,
Just and true thou art,
Sure thy reward.
- 2 Help me to praise thy name
While I still am young;
Let me, Lord, thy truth proclaim
With my infant tongue
Angels from the skies
Will look down with gladsome eyes.

When thy praises rise,
By infants sung.

- 3 Keep us in peace and joy
Through all childhood's days ;
Let each little girl and boy
Travel in thy ways.
So shall we be free
From the thorns of misery ;
Heaven our home shall be,
Thine all the praise.

31 *Early Consecration.* C. M.

- I**N the bright morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved :
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days ;
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways :
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest ;

O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

32

Youthful Piety.

L. M.

WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

- 2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.
- 3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.
- 4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.
- 5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

33

A Child-like Spirit.

7s.

L ORD, renew my sinful heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:

From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as thy child receive,
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that I shall share
In my heavenly Father's care.

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir one step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

34 *Christ's Love to the Young.* C. M.

WHEN the Redeemer left his throne,
And dwelt with men below,
It was his glorious work to bless,
And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claimed his aid,
Nor asked relief in vain;
When parents sought his gracious help,
He blessed their infant train.

3 And now, though Jesus reigns above,
He makes the young his care;
And helpless children still he owns,
And they his goodness share.

4 Now we are taught to read thy word
Which makes the foolish wise:

O may we know a Saviour's name,
And learn his worth to prize.

35

Christ's Love to Children.

C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 O let us then with pleasure hear,
And seek the Saviour's face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

36

Christ's Love to Children

L. M.

WHENE'ER a child is meek and mild,
The Saviour loves that little child
Then help me, Lord, each day to be
All that thine eye delights to see.

2 O cleanse my infant heart from sin,
And make it good and pure within,
And fit me for my home on high,
My happy home beyond the sky.

37

An Infant's Prayer.

L. M.

JESUS, kind Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep!
Guard me this day from every ill
And with thy grace my spirit fill.

- 2 Teach me to love thee, O my Lord;
 Help me to read thy holy word,
 May the first sounds my lips can raise
 Be sounds of joy, and prayer, and praise.

38

Early Piety.

C. M.

JESUS, who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's law.

- 2 At twelve years old he talked with men,
 (His parents wondering stand)
 Yet he obeyed his mother then,
 And came at her command.
- 3 Children their loud hosannas sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name;
 They gave him honour with their tongue,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 4 Samuel the child was weaned and brought
 To wait upon the Lord;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.
- 5 Then why should I so long delay
 What others learned so young?
 Let me not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

39

Invitation to the Young. 11s. & 10s.

COME, youthful sinners, come, haste to
 the Saviour; [side;
 Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his

Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favour,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come, to his temple-gate, come in life's
morning, [youth;
Give up your souls to the Guide of your
How fair is grace the young bosom adorn-
ing,
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth?

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from
God? [folly,
Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of
Earth has no comfort, not found in his
blood.

4 Has he not died for you? look to the gar-
den;
There see the tokens of sorrow and love,
Lives he not now for you? Jesus the
Saviour
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

40 “Suffer little Children to come.” C. M.

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same,
Before his mercy-seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“Forbid them not,” the Saviour said,
And so he says of me.

- 3 Though now he is not here below,
We know his holy will;
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.
- 4 Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled;
O then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.
- 5 For as so many years ago,
Children his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.
- 6 Then while this favour to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus, on my head.

41

Suffer them to come.

7s.

- S AVIOUR, may a little child
Through thy grace be reconciled,
Who can feel indeed within
Much of evil, much of sin?
- 2 Yes, thou saidst, and that's my plea,
"Suffer such to come to me;
Turn no little child away,
Heaven is filled with such as they"
- 3 Saviour! to thine arms I fly,
Ere my childhood passes by;
In thy fear my years be past,
Whether first, or midst, or last.

42

Child's Supplication.

C. M

LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
 And then accept my prayer:
 Thou canst hear all the words I say,
 For thou art everywhere.

'Teach me to do the thing that's right.
 And when I sin, forgive;
 And make it still my chief delight
 To serve thee while I live.

3 Whatever trouble I am in,
 To thee for help I'll call;
 But keep me more than all from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.

43

Prayer to God.

7s.

LORD, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 Hands and heart I lift to thee;
 Let my prayer accepted rise,
 Weak, imperfect though it be.

2 Teach me, Lord, thy name to know,
 Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;
 May I do thy will below,
 As thy will is done above.

3 When I lay me down at night,
 O'er me watch, and near me stay,
 And when morning brings the light,
 May I wake to praise and pray.

44

God giveth Grace to the humble.

7s.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,

I shall as my Saviour be,
Clothed with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy care and love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined;
Him let every saint adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

45 *Child's Prayer.* **L. M**

GOD is so good that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

2 His own most holy book declares,
He loves good little children still;
And that he answers all their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

3 He will not scorn an infant tongue,
That thanks him for his mercies given;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs ascend to heaven.

4 Come, then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your Friend and Guide.

Your little voices will be heard,
And you shall never be denied.

46

Remember me.

C. M.

SOON as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to thee,
O let my heart thy favour seek;
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 In all life's following years, my tongue
Tuned to thy praise shall be;
And this the expressive humble song,
Dear Lord, remember me.

3 From every sin that wounds the heart,
May I be taught to flee;
O bid them all from me depart,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 When, with life's heavy load oppress,
I bend the trembling knee;
Then give my suffering spirit rest,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 O let me, on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see;
And cry, with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

47

Child's Prayer.

L. M.

CHILDREN as young and weak as I,
Did Jesus love, when here below;
And on his Father's throne on high,
O with what love he loves them now!

- 2 Though I am young, yet I have sinned,
 Forgotten God, transgressed his laws;
 And holy angels could not gain
 Pardon for me, nor plead my cause.
- 3 To Jesus then I'll meekly go;
 My penitence these ears will prove;
 And he who wept for human woe,
 Will take me to his arms of love.
- 4 Then will I sing, while life shall last,
 Glory to God for pardoning love;
 And when the hour of death is past,
 Join in immortal praise above.

4S *Prayer for a Child.* C. M.

- L ORD, teach a little child to pray,
 Thy grace to me impart;
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born.
 And from my birth have strayed;
 I must be wretched and forlorn,
 Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain;
 Can fit my soul with him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To him let little children come,
 For he hath said they may;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears he'll wipe away.

- 5 For all who early seek his face,
 Shall surely taste his love;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with him above.

49

The Orphan's Prayer.

C. M.

- M**Y Father and my Friend, to thee
 I lift my weeping eye,
 For thou canst wash away my tears,
 And all my wants supply.
- 2 No tender mother's gentle smile
 Each morn awaits me now;
 Nor longer can I feel the kiss
 That prest my infant brow.
- 3 No more within her arms of love
 I lay me down to rest,
 Secure and peaceful as the dove
 Within its sheltered nest.
- 4 An orphan in the cold, wide world,
 Dear Lord, I come to thee,
 Thou, Father of the fatherless,
 My Friend and Father be.
- 5 O guide and guard me by thy grace,
 And make my heart thy own;
 And fit me for that happy place
 Where partings are unknown.

50

The Orphan's Prayer.

7s.

WHEN my cries ascend to thee,
 Hear, Jehovah, from afar;

Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer.

- 2 When thou bad'st me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,
"Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high!"

Should the world deceitful prove,
When no more its help I share;
Though decayed a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care;—

- 4 Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend,
Shall a parent's place supply,
He my Guardian, Father, Friend!

51

The Orphan's Prayer.

7s

WHITHER, but to thee, O Lord!

Shall a little orphan go?
Thou alone canst speak the word,
Thou canst dry my tears of woe.
Father! may my lips once more
Whisper that beloved name?
Helpless, guilty, friendless, poor,
Let me thy protection claim.

- 2 O my Father! may I tell
All my wants and woes to thee?
Every want thou knowest well,
Every woe thine eye can see.
'Twas thy hand that took away
Father, mother, from my sight;

Him, that was my infant stay,
Her, that watched me day and night.

- 3 Yet I bless thee, for I know
Thou hast wounded me in love;
Weaned my heart from things below,
That it might aspire above.
Here I tarry for a while;
Saviour! keep me near thy side;
Cheer my journey with thy smile;
Be my Father, Friend, and Guide.

52

The Orphan's Hope.

C. P. M.

O THOU the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone my eyes look up,
In each distressing hour;
Father (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,)
Defend me with thy power.

- 2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine to mark my woe;
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
Remains to me below.
- 3 Now all my earthly friends are gone,
And with them all my comforts flown,
I lift my prayer to thee;
Do thou the Holy Spirit send,
My Guardian, Guide, Instructor, Friend,
And Comforter to be.

- 4 Protect and lead my erring youth
 In paths of piety and truth,
 Nor ever let me stray;
 But through the Saviour's dying love,
 Bring me to dwell with thee above,
 In everlasting day.

53

Youthful Praise.

C. M

- H**OW glorious is our Heavenly King
 Who reigns above the sky!
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty?
- 2 How great his power is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.
- 3 Nor angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search his secret will;
 But they perform his heavenly word,
 And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first offerings bring;
 The eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

54

Youthful Praise.

L. M.

- J**ESUS, that condescending King,
 Is pleased to hear when children sing,
 And while our feeble voices rise
 Will not the humble prayer despise.
- 2 Then keep us, Lord, from every sin
 Which we can see and feel within

And what we neither feel nor see,
Forgive, for all is known to thee.

- 3 We own there's nothing good in us,
To tempt thee to befriend us thus;
We cannot think a single thought,
Nor even thank thee as we ought.
- 4 Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou camest down to die;
And this is all the plea we make—
"O save us for thy mercy's sake!"

55

Youthful Praise.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God! while heaven and
Thy power and skill proclaim, [earth
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honours of thy name?

- 2 The early dawn of opening life
Has proved thy guardian care,
And may I, through all future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.
- 3 Now may I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

56

Hymn for a Child.

7s.

JESUS bids me seek his face;
Lord, I come to ask thy grace;
Send thy Spirit from above,
Teach me to obey and love:

Unto thee I fain would go,
All I want thou canst bestow.

2 Thou wilt e'en a child receive;
Thou wilt all my sins forgive:
O dissolve this heart of stone,
Make me thine, and thine alone;
Sin is present with me still,
Disobedient is my will.

3 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail:
O my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul;
Kindly guard me every day,
Be my everlasting stay.

57 *Seeking the Saviour's Guidance. 8, 7, & 4.*

S AVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care:
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to thee.

- 4 Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

58 *Youthful Praises.* C. M.

SINCE Jesus loves to hear his praise
 Arise from infant tongues,
 Let us not waste our youthful days
 In vain and foolish songs.

- 2 Too soon we cannot serve the Lord,
 Nor love his name too dear;
 Nor prize too much his precious word,
 Nor learn too soon his fear.

- 3 To us, O Lord, thy grace impart,
 And every song shall be
 The tribute of a faithful heart,
 A song of praise to thee.

59 *Youthful Praise.* 11s.

OUR Father in heaven, thou madest the
 earth;
 The sun and the stars to thy word owe
 their birth; [they stand.
 By thee were they formed, by thy counsel
 And we are thy children, the work of thy
 hand.

- 2 Thou gavest our life ; to thy goodness we
owe [pathway below ;
All the blessings that bloom round our
In thousand endearments thy love we may
read,
Declaring that thou art our Father indeed.
- 3 But, ah ! we have wandered, as sheep
from thy fold, [grown cold :
And hearts of thy children thro' sin have
Tho' young we have erred, and would
humbly implore [more.
The mercy we need, that we wander no
- 4 We own we are guilty, but Jesus has died
And shall we, when pleading his name, be
denied ? [wilt heed,
Ah no ! thou hast promised that plea thou
And thro' thy free grace make us children
indeed.
- 5 Yet awhile 'tis thy will that on earth we
remain,
Exposed to dark trial, temptation and pain ;
Yet here but as pilgrims and strangers we
roam, [our home.
For if thou art our Father, then heaven is
- 6 Yes, there shall we gather around the glad
throne, [their own,
With angels, and wearing robes bright as

Where the praise of thy children shall rise
without rest,
To Father, Son, Spirit—one God ever blest.

60

Early Instruction.

C. M.

HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !

- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east and west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.
- 4 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.

61

Folly of Neglect.

C. M.

O'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by !
For now is the accepted time ;
To morrow we may die.

- 2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind ;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

- 3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
 Until their dying day;
 Then, they would give a world of gold,
 To have an hour to pray
- 4 O then lest we should perish thus,
 Let us no longer wait;
 For time will soon be past with us,
 And death must fix our state.

62 *Piety contrasted with Sin.* C. M.

- **W**HY should we spend our youthful
 In folly and in sin, [days
 When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
 And bids us walk therein?
- 2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
 They glitter and are past;
 They yield us but a moment's joy,
 And end in death at last.
- 3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
 Our joys shall never cease;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.
- 4 O may we, in our youthful days,
 Attend to wisdom's voice;
 And make these holy, happy ways,
 Our own delightful choice!

63 *Allurements of Sin.* 7s.

MANY voices seem to say,
 "Hither children here's the way."

Haste along, and nothing fear :
Every pleasant thing is here !”

2 Yes—but whither would ye lead ?
Is it happiness indeed ?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and woe !

3 We were made for better things :
High as heaven our nature springs ;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.

5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile ;
Thinking, as we labour thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

6 So, a pleasant path we'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led ;
Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
Ours is happiness indeed !

64 *Conscience.*

73

WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, “It is sin,”
And entreats us to beware.

2 If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,

Conscience says, "Your fault confess
Do not dare to tell a lie."

3 In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child consider," Conscience cries:
"Should not God be sought to-day?"

4 When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill;
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries;
"And command your temper still."

5 Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

6 But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

65

Little Sins.

S. M.

O UR evil actions spring
From small and hidden seeds;
At first, we think some wicked thing,
Then practise wicked deeds.

2 O for a holy fear
Of every evil way,
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray.

3 Wherever it begins,
It ends in death and woe,

And he who suffers little sins,
A sinner's doom shall know.

66

Grace in Youth

L. M.

LORD, I am young, thy help I need,
For various foes beset my way -
Be thou to me a friend indeed,
Nor let me from thy precepts stray.

2 My youthful heart with grace inspire,
To thee my every power incline;
And may the pure, celestial fire,
Within my bosom ever shine.

3 O let the morning of my days
To thee and thee alone be given;
Increase my love, approve my ways.
And guide me safely into heaven.

67

Happiness in Piety.

C. P. M.

HAPPY beyond description, he
Who in the paths of piety,
Loves from his birth to run!

Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign,
With just and holy scorn;
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And with the promised land in view,
Singing to God return.

68

Happy Children.

C. M.

HAPPY the children who betin es
Have learned to know the Lord;
Who, through his grace, escape the crimes
Forbidden in his word.

- 2 Should they be early hence removed,
He will their souls receive;
For they whom Jesus here hath loved,
With him shall ever live.

69

Birth-day.

7s

HEAVENLY Father, look on me,
Now my birth-day's come once more;
Listen while I pray to thee;
Thee with all my powers adore.

- 2 Once I was an infant weak,
Sleeping on my mother's knee;
Then I could not walk or speak,
Yet thou didst take care of me.
- 3 Now I run about and talk;
Now I learn to read my book;
Through the fields I now can walk,
On the pretty flowers can look.
- 4 Bless me now I am a child,
Bless this birth-day, Lord, to me;
Make me good, and wise, and mild,
Make me all that I should be.

70

Youth's Protector.

8s, & 7s.

BLEST, beyond all earthly blessing,
Is the child whose tender youth,

In the Lord a Guide possessing,
Walks in paths of light and truth.

- 2 He will govern those who love him :
Those who walk in faith and fear,
In all danger still shall prove him
Gracious, kind, and ever near.

Heavenly Father, let us prove thee
An all-wise, protecting Friend !
Make us fear thee, make us love thee,
Constant, to our latest end !

71

Lying.

C. M

THOSE children who a promise give
Should always keep their word ;
And falsehood from their little mouths
Should never once be heard.

- 2 For when a child a lie has told,
He cannot be believed ;
Not even when the truth he speaks,
Because he once deceived.

- 3 O who a lie would dare to tell,
And bring himself to shame
And thus offend the God of truth,
And mock his holy name !

72

Against Lying.

8s.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

- 2 But liars we can never trust, [true;
 Though they should speak the thing that's
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How God abhors deceit and wrong?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue?
- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
 When she came in, and grew so bold
 As to confirm that wicked lie,
 Which just before her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
 The words of truth; but every liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell,
 Since God a book of reckoning keeps,
 For every lie that children tell.

73

Profane Swearing.

L. M.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God;
 And devils tremble down in hell,
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod:

- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
 And when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

- 3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain;
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?
- 4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given.
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.
- 5 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Them take thy holy name in vain,
Lest I should learn to curse and swear.

74

Youthful Obedience.

C. M.

- O** THAT it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought!
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught.
- 2 Wherever I am told to go,
I'll cheerfully obey;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.
- 3 And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try and do it well.
- 4 For God looks down from heaven on high
Our actions to behold;
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

75

The dying Child.

C. M.

MY heavenly Father, I confess
That all thy ways are just;
Although I faint with sore distress,
And now draw near the dust.

2 How soon my little strength has fled!
My life will soon be past;
O smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last.

3 Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
“Let little children come;”
On this kind word I would rely,
Since I am going home.

4 O take this guilty soul of mine,
That now will soon be gone,
And wash it clean, and make it shine
With heavenly garments on.

5 My heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Accept my feeble praise;
And let me quickly meet thee where
A nobler song I'll raise.

76

A Child's Prayer in Sickness.

C. M.

MY Father, hear the humble prayer
In sickness raised to thee;
Thy word has bid me cast my care
On him who cares for me.

2 A sinful child I know I am;
But when I suffer pain,

Thy word directs me to the Lamb,
Who was for sinners slain.

- 3 O help me, Saviour, to repose
On thine own gracious word
"All things shall work for good to those
Who fear and love the Lord."
- 4 If thou shouldst life and health renew,
And strength to me restore;
With richer grace my soul endue,
To serve thee evermore.

THE SCHOOL ROOM

77

Away to Sabbath-school.

P. M.

THE morning sky is bright and clear;
Away to Sabbath-school;
Let each one in the class appear;
Away to Sabbath-school;
Tis there we learn his holy word,
And find the road that leads to God.
Away, away, away, away,
Away to Sabbath-school.

- 2 In season let us all be there;
Away to Sabbath-school;

That we may join the opening prayer ;
 Away to Sabbath-school ;
 There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
 And praise the Lord for blessings given.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sabbath-school.

Let us remember, while at prayer,
 When at the Sabbath-school,
 Our teachers' kindness, and their care,
 Towards our Sabbath-school.
 We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
 And every rule and order mind,
 When we're at school, at Sabbath-
 When we're at Sabbath-school. [school,

4 When each at night shall go to prayer,
 We'll ask our God above
 To extend o'er teachers his kind care,
 And crown them with his love.
 And when on earth our time is sped,
 And we are numbered with the dead,
 If faithful, we shall meet above ;
 We all shall meet above.

78 *The Sabbath-school.* 7s, 6s, 8s.

THE Sabbath morn is breaking,
 The Sabbath bells are waking,
 Our homes with joy forsaking,
 To join the Sabbath-school. [school.
 Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sabbath-

2 How joyful is the meeting,
 Each other kindly greeting,

Sweet hymns of praise repeating,
While in the Sabbath-school.

Shout, shout, &c.

3 'Tis here we join in singing
The songs of love redeeming,
Our little offerings bringing,
Hosannas to our King.

Shout, shout, &c.

4 Our teachers we'll remember ;
Ten thousand thanks we render
For thoughts of us so tender,
While in the Sabbath-school.

Shout, shout, &c.

5 But ah ! life's sunny morning,
With all its sweets adorning,
Like early blossoms falling,
Will soon have passed away.

Shout, shout, &c.

6 Then may we all remember
To strive our hearts to render,
While now so young and tender,
To Christ, our heavenly King.

Shout, shout, &c.

79

The Sabbath-school preferred.

C. M.

FOR worldly honour, I'd not waste
Of life my little span ;
For better is the love of God,
Than highest praise of man.

- 2 I would not live to gather gold,
Which misers round them hoard;
For he who trusts in riches here,
Can never please the Lord.
- 3 But I would in the Sabbath-school,
A faithful scholar be;
And for my own and others' souls
Would wear my life away.
- 4 Let others see in all I do,
That 'tis my constant aim,
That they and all should love the Lord,
And fear his sacred name.

80

Opening School.

H. M.

COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
To God alone all praise belongs,
Our earliest and our latest songs.

- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.
- 3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

To God alone your offerings bring,
Let young and old his praises sing.

- 4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

81 *Opening School.* C. M.

FATHER, with one accord we stand,
To bring thee of thine own;
And train a bright immortal band
To worship round thy throne.

- 2 Accept, Almighty Parent, these,
The children thou hast given;
And in thy sovereign favour make
These loved ones heirs of heaven.

- 3 There, ranked among the shining host,
May all before thee meet:
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our labours there complete.

82 *Reflections in School.* 7s.

IN this happy school we meet,
How much longer none can tell;
Some perhaps, to-day we greet,
Who must bid us soon farewell.

- 2 Blessed Saviour, full of love,
Take these dear ones in thy care:

Gently draw their hearts above,
Let them in thy kindness share.

- 3 Spared by thee till now we live ;
Still thy mercy we implore ;
Unto thee our hearts we give ;
Keep us, save us, ever more.

83 *The assembled School.* L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.

- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

84 *Privileges of the Schools.* L. M.

LET us unite to bless the Lord,
That we are taught to read his word
To walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
And seek his grace and sing his praise

- 2 While wicked boys and girls we meet,
Breaking the Sabbath in the street,
Misspending all that holy day,
In foolish talk and idle play ;

- 3 We to thy sacred house of prayer,
With gratitude would oft repair,
To adore thy name, to seek thy face,
And hear thy messages of grace.
- 4 The truth thy gospel, Lord, imparts,
Apply with power to all our hearts;
Whilst thou art calling, may we hear,
And worship thee with holy fear.

85

The happy School.

S. M

WITHIN these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces,
Prosperity abound.

- 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down;
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

86

Reverence for Teachers.

C. M.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threatened by the Lord,

To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

- 3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

87 *Youth's Tribute.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King,
Who rul'st the worlds above,
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

- 2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we'll pay;
And, ere the night has closed our eyes,
We'll thank thee for the day.
- 3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given,
That young ones, such as we, may find
A certain path to heaven.
- 4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

88 *Death of a Scholar.* C. M.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

- 2 Not long ago he filled his place,
 And sat with us to learn,
 But he has run his mortal race,
 And never can return.
- 3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
 Our days may fly as fast;
 O Lord, impress the solemn thought
 That this may be our last.
- 4 We cannot tell who next may fall
 Beneath thy chastening rod;
 One must be first,—but let us all
 Prepare to meet our God.

89

Death of a Scholar.

L M

- A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
 Tell us that one we loved to meet
 Will join our youthful throng no more,
 Till all these changing scenes are o'er.
- 2 No more that voice we loved to hear
 Shall fill his teacher's listening ear;
 No more its tones shall join to swell
 The songs that of a Saviour tell.
- 3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
 And sprightly form, must buried lie;
 Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
 The rayless night that fills the tomb.
- 4 And we live on, but none can say
 How near, or distant is the day,
 When death's unwelcome hand shall come
 To lay us in our narrow home.

- 5 God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

90 *Reflection on leaving School.* C. M.

AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given ;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

- 2 And is it so ? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true !
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do ?
- 3 O surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing, if I live.

91 *Closing School.* 7s.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy, and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain :

May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given ;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

92*Closing School.***L. M.**

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise ;
One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Teachers, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

93*Closing School.***L. M.**

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

DOXOLOGIES,

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honour done.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love :
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8s. & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven ;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise ;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

THE NUMBERS REFER TO THE HYMNS.

	HYMN
Angels adore thee and rejoice . . .	1
Awake and sing the song . . .	14
Amidst the cheerful bloom of youth . . .	25
Almighty God, while Heaven and earth . . .	55
Angels that high in glory dwell . . .	73
Almighty Father, heavenly King . . .	87
Assembled in our school once more . . .	83
A mourning class, a vacant seat . . .	89
And now another hour is past . . .	90
Blest beyond all earthly blessing . . .	70
Come, children, let us Jesus praise . . .	6
Children as young and weak as I . . .	47
Children in years and knowledge young . . .	28
Come let us join the hosts above . . .	3
Come let us join our cheerful songs . . .	17
Come, thou fount of every blessing . . .	15
Come happy children, come and raise . . .	5
Come, youthful sinners, come haste to the Saviour	39
Come let our voices join . . .	80
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part . . .	92
Death has been here, and borne away . . .	88
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord . . .	93
For worldly honour I'd not waste . . .	79
Father, with one accord we stand . . .	81
For a season called to part . . .	91
Far from the utmost verge of day . . .	6
God is so good that he will hear . . .	45
Glory to God on high . . .	11
Go thou in life's fair morning . . .	21
Great God, to thee my voice I raise . . .	10

Heavenly Father, look on me . . .	69
Happy the children who betimes . . .	68
Happy beyond description he . . .	67
How happy is the child who hears . . .	60
How glorious is our heavenly King . . .	53
How gracious is my God . . .	7
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices . . .	19
In this happy school we meet . . .	92
In the bright morn of life, when youth . . .	31
I thank the goodness and the grace . . .	12
In every trouble sharp and strong . . .	16
If you will turn away from sin . . .	26
Jesus, kind Shepherd of the sheep . . .	37
Jesus, that condescending King . . .	54
Jesus bids me seek his face . . .	56
Jesus, who reigns above the sky . . .	38
Let children that would fear the Lord . . .	86
Let us unite to bless the Lord . . .	84
Lord, I am young, thy help I need . . .	66
Lord, if thou thy grace impart . . .	44
Lord, to thee I lift mine eyes . . .	43
Lord, teach a sinful child to pray . . .	42
Lord, teach a little child to pray . . .	48
Lord, renew my sinful heart . . .	33
Lord, I would own thy tender care . . .	8
Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace . . .	13
My Father, hear the humble prayer . . .	76
My heavenly Father, I confess . . .	75
Many voices seem to say . . .	63
My Father and my Friend to thee . . .	49
May I love thee and adore thee . . .	2
Morn amid the mountains . . .	18
My son, know thou the Lord . . .	29
Now that my journey's just begun . . .	22
Now in the heat of youthful blood . . .	23
O that it were my chief delight . . .	74
O 'tis a lovely thing for youth . . .	72
Our evil actions spring . . .	65

O 'tis a folly and a crime	61
Our Father in heaven, thou madest the earth .	59
O thou, the helpless orphan's hope . . .	52
Praised be the Lord that love is shed . .	4
Remember thy Creator now	24
Since Jesus loves to hear his praise . . .	58
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us . . .	58
Saviour, may a little child	41
Soon as my youthful lips can speak . . .	46
See Israel's gentle shepherd stand . . .	35
Suffer me to come to Jesus	27
The morning sky is bright and clear . . .	77
Those children who a promise give . . .	71
Though I am young, I have a soul . . .	20
The Sabbath morn is breaking	78
Whene'er I take my walks abroad	9
What can an infant do	30
We are but young, yet we may sing . . .	32
When the Redeemer left his throne . . .	34
Whene'er a child is meek and mild . . .	36
When my cries ascend to thee	50
Whither but to thee, O Lord	51
Why should we spend our youthful days .	62
When a foolish thought within	64
Within these walls be peace	25
Young children once to Jesus came . . .	40

